

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE CONNECTICUT BAPTIST CONVENTION.

"What thou seest, write—and send unto the churches."

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THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

PUBLISHED BY PHILEMON CANFIELD, HARTFORD, CONN.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE OF THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY ASSOCIATION.

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For the Secretary.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.
No. 16.

MR. EDITOR,

VI. This subject addresses itself particularly to every patriot, to every friend of order and good government.

We have already made some allusion to this fact in No. 4; but the present state of our country, and the increasing danger from foreign emigration, and the value of this blessed institution, require some farther remarks.

1st. It is the duty of every good citizen, in order to maintain order and correct government, to use and encourage the best means to such a state of things. It is believed nothing has ever yet been devised, separate from the public dispensation of the gospel, so well calculated to establish and perpetuate our civil institutions, as the Sabbath School. It lays the foundation deep, so that if the superstructure is properly raised, the earthquake will not affect, or even shake it. It lays it in reason, that the heaving frosts of a dreary and melancholy winter will not leave it. It lays it on a sure basis, —the eternal mind; for though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one jot or tittle of this blessed truth shall fail.

How exceedingly different is the state of society, where the Bible is the text book; where the Bible constitutes the rule of action of every family, from that where infidelity reigns untrammelled; where folly and passion, gambling, horse-racing, the brothel and the theatre, with all their inebriating train, predominate!

To know which is the most desirable state of society to prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, let us enquire of conscience in which society we should choose to leave the whole management of our temporal concerns? With which could we, with the most safety, entrust our wives and our children? Which should we invite to visit us, and become companions or associates of our fireside? To which would we recommend our sons and our daughters for companions for life? Which should we wish, in a dying hour, to hang around our bed, and administer consolation to our aching hearts? With which society should we wish to dwell forever, knowing that a holy and incensed God will be avenged of his enemies?

No man, whether he be religious or otherwise, can hesitate a moment in giving a correct answer to all these enquiries. When answered, let me ask how, and when, such a desirable state of society can be formed? Every man who knows any thing of the human mind, knows that an early bias must be given to the youthful character, in order to form any good state of society. How futile and how idle, to expect that children may "grow up as the wild asses' colts," and then in manhood receive the restraints of civil society, and exhibit the character of virtuous and good citizens. The enquiry of the prophet Jeremiah is, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil." Verified as follows:

"As well may Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin,
As well may dead men leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin."

When on the late voyage, in which I wrote you from *Machias*, one seaman was so profane that the captain declared to him, that unless he ceased instantly from such language, on his return, he would dismiss him from the vessel. The sailor, though more than six feet in height, with a loud and bellowing cry, his face dripping with tears, said, he had always practised it, and he had so acquired the habit that he could not refrain; and began violently to rail at his absent parents, that they had not broken him of the habit when he was young. (The reason of his great distress, was, the shame of being sent from the vessel in presence of all the passengers and crew.)

I mention this case only to show, that a wicked son can revile his parents for sinful habits, which he acquired in youth. How important, then, to avoid the railings, if not the curses of our children, and the upbraidings of conscience, that we take special care to afford our children the best and the earliest instruction in the path of righteousness. That the Sabbath school is calculated to produce the most desirable state of society, is evident from the fact that it not only affords the good and early instruction mentioned, but it desires and designs, to extend and impart that instruction to every child in the nation, whether rich or poor, bond or free. If salutary to one child, how exceedingly great the advantage when the whole nation are under its benign and healthful influence. If the period should ever arrive in which the desirable object

can be effected, the independence of the nation—the stability of government, and universal and voluntary obedience to the laws, are inevitably certain. No government is sure to stand, unless based upon the word of God. But when so established, it is as imperishable as time. Every system that excludes divine truth, though as strong and as high as the walls of Babylon, or as refined and learned as revolutionary France, they must and will fall. Every ray that emanates from the Bible through the gloom of darkness that surrounds despotic governments, founded in oppression and blood, evinces this solemn fact as clear as the bow of promise, that God will surely overturn and overturn it, until the people shall learn righteousness and learn to obey God.

That the proper instruction of youth is adequate to establish and perpetuate good government, is so universally admitted by wise and reflecting minds, that much argument on this point is unnecessary. A great observer of men and manners, once said, "Let me write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Now the Sabbath School, instead of creating a powerful and irresistible influence by ballad or riotous song singing, that might promote suicide, robbery and murder, and the sundering of every moral tie, promote the silent, unobtrusive, enlightening, invigorating, and healthful moral action, the effect of which is, to make all men wiser and happier than they can be without that influence.

2d. Every friend of his country is under obligation to promote Sabbath Schools, because that is the most sure and effectual method to prevent the increase of papal power, and arrest the iron hand of an ungodly and ruthless despotism, which must ensue, the moment that inquisitorial hierarchy obtain an overruling influence in this government. Their object is, to keep all their subjects in ignorance, and gross moral darkness and idolatrous veneration of priestly power. Hence the rack, the gibbet, and the dungeon, will be had in requisition, the moment the Beast of the Apocalypse has the ascendancy. To obviate all this deplorable state of things in the most effectual manner, let all the children in our nation be well instructed in the knowledge of the Bible. It will furnish a fountain of light to their feet, and the best lamp to their path the world has ever received. The Deist, the Atheist, (if such a stultified animal can be found,) the Unitarian and the Noth-ingarian, as well as every friend of religion, who admit that the new testament constitutes the foundation for the best moral government that ever existed among men.

The desire of the writer of this article, is, if practicable, to enlist the feelings of all freemen so much to the importance of perpetuating our highly distinguished national government, as to consider seriously and attentively, (without the least possible reference to party,) the best means of preserving it uncontaminated to posterity; because, in so doing, the result will be certain that Sabbath Schools will be strenuously supported by all classes of our citizens, if they desire the permanent happiness of the nation, and the prosperity of the American government.

Yours truly, AMICUS.

From the Bap. Miss. Magazine.

WEST AFRICA.

Extracts of a letter from Mr. Crocker, dated Edina, June 21, 1836.

We have just received your letter, dated the 27th Feb., accompanied by several communications from other friends, and a quantity of provisions sent out by Mr. C. The letters and periodicals have been very refreshing to us. The provisions were also very acceptable, as they are very scarce, at the present time, in the colony. Some, no doubt, are now actually suffering from hunger. We received a letter from Millsburg, a day or two since, which stated that the inhabitants were in a state of starvation; that they could not get cassadas, (their last resort,) to eat. We have heard a similar report from Caldwell. The colonists are almost altogether dependent upon the natives for their sustenance. When, therefore, the natives do not have a sufficient supply of food to sell, the colonists suffer. When war rages among the various tribes, and prevent them from cultivating their ground, the colony participates with the natives in the privation of food. If they make war upon the natives, and destroy their rice fields, as in the last war at Bassa Cove, they cut off their own supplies. This state of things, arises from the mistaken policy of the colonists, in neglecting agriculture for the sake of trade. Those who had any capital when they came out, have gone to trading with the natives, and in a vast majority of instances have run through with their property in this way. Those who have done anything in agriculture, have been in general too poor to purchase cattle for working, and have therefore been able to do nothing very extensively, in cultivating the soil. The land, it is true is fertile, but its fertility is chiefly seen in the rank growth of weeds, grass, and bushes. To keep these down, merely with a hoe and cutlass, requires no small degree of labor. If the new colony at Bassa Cove, go on as they have begun, we think they may be able, after a while, to render themselves in a great measure, if not altogether, independent of the natives for their supplies of food. We hope this will be the case. Their present agent has done much to promote this object; but his health is so much impaired at the present time,

that we fear he will soon be compelled to leave the country for America. When he leaves, an agent of similar qualifications will be very much needed, to carry forward what he has begun.

When we wrote you last, I was just recovering from a severe attack of a fever. Since then, I have had no attack of fever, and with the exception of a cutaneous affection peculiar to this country, have been remarkably well. The health of Mr. M. is in general, better than it was in America.

At the time of my last letter, we were contemplating a school for the natives, to be located in the colony. We had the promise from King Will Gray, and King Sante Will, and several head men, that they would send their children. Soon after I wrote, I went back into the country about twenty miles, to Sante Will's town, to see what they intended to do. I found quite an apathy among the natives in regard to the school. As they find it difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of any person being actuated by a higher motive than pure selfishness, they seemed to look upon the object with a suspicious eye. They however declared that the reason why they did not send their children, was the scarcity of food. They said that when the crops of rice came in, they would send them. As our means would not admit of our establishing a school within the limits of the colony, (for the natives would not send their children unless we supplied them with food,) and believing it very important to acquire the confidence of the natives in our object—also, being exceedingly desirous of becoming acquainted, as soon as possible, with their language, I concluded to go and take up my residence with them. I am now on a visit at Edina, having come down to attend the dedication of our new Baptist meeting house at Bassa Cove. I shall, if Providence permit, return to-morrow to Sante Will's town. I have had a few children under my instruction; and expect a few more from other towns, as soon as the rice comes in. This will be the case in a few weeks. Having instructed the children under the eye of Sante Will, from day to day, his suspicions seem to be removed, and he is very desirous of my staying at his town. I told him some days since, that the people at Monrovia wished me to have a school there. He said, "You must not go; God sent you here!" Although he has no fear of God before his eyes, yet his remark affected me some, and rather tended to confirm me in the belief, that I was in the path of duty.—I live in a bamboo house, about six feet by eight on the ground, and about four feet from the ground to the eaves. This is occupied by my interpreter and myself. Our bed is the ground, with two or three mats spread on it. I have a fire on that part of the ground not occupied as a bed, every evening, and the smoke finds its way out as it can. The king promises to build me a larger house, if I will take up my abode there. If I were satisfied that this town would be the best location for a residence of some considerable length of time, I would get a comfortable native hut erected, which might be done for ten or fifteen dollars. But, knowing a little of the fickleness and deceit of the native character, I fear I may be obliged to take up my abode somewhere else, before a great while. In dealing with the natives, it is almost impossible to form any very definite plan for the future. I trust that God will direct us in the path of duty. I have found Him present to comfort me, when away from Christian friends and sanctuary privileges. The hope that God will make me instrumental of good to this people, makes my situation pleasant. O, how much this people need the influence of the gospel! When I was there the last time, I had to give some cloth and tobacco, to redeem a native from death. He was one who came up with us in a canoe. He met, in one of the adjacent towns, with another native, whose father had been killed a long while ago, in a war with the tribe to which he belonged, and the son declared he would revenge the death of his father. They came to Sante Will's town. I saw the fellow who wished to slay the other. He seemed very fierce and revengeful, and when requested to take a ransom, he said it was not a money palaver, and he would have the fellow's life. The head man of the town, to which the avenger belonged, fearing that he should lose his influence with the Americans, was induced, at the earnest request of two or three traders, who were present, to prevent the perpetration of the crime, and compel the fellow to accept of some cloth and tobacco for the ransom of the victim. Two or three weeks ago, a little boy, about eight years old, who was frequently following me about, and jabbering in the country language, was carried off to be sold as a slave. I felt badly about it, though I did not know till some days after he was gone, that he was carried off for this purpose. The king knowing that I was opposed to slavery, had, no doubt, designedly concealed it from me. He was kept confined in a town about four miles from Sante Will's place, for some days. He was carried to the sea-shore, but the slave vessel had just gone; so they brought him back, much to the joy of the boy, who said he cried all the way to the sea. When will the nations of the earth combine their powers to crush this abominable traffic? We need one or two frigates constantly on this coast, to catch the slave-vessels. We frequently see them lying off not a great distance from the shore, waiting to take in a cargo of slaves. I have seen the king and his son fiercely quarrelling, in consequence

of drinking rum which the slaver had sent, to induce him to trade!

Br. Mylne, for the present, preaches to the people at Bassa Cove, and is pursuing the study of the language in the colony. This course, so far as we can see, seems to be in accordance with the leadings of Providence. Several circumstances combine to make it desirable that one of us should remain in the colony for the present. Br. Mylne has had much care and perplexity in superintending the building of the meeting house; but it is at length nearly completed. Although we have endeavored to be as economical as we could, the expense of building the house has exceeded our calculation. The whole amount will be not far from 650 dollars. 150 of this will be probably procured in this country. There is not a single member of the church at Bassa Cove that is able to contribute a dollar towards the building. We feel some solicitude to know how our call upon the benevolence of Christian brethren in America, will be received. The people having been robbed and spoiled, have strong claims upon the sympathies of their more favored brethren in America. We trust they will be met with a promptitude becoming the followers of Him, who "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor."

SAYING AND DOING.—Note the difference.—All Baptists are agreed that our missionaries ought to translate the Bible plainly, and without ambiguity. And is it not so insisted because it is the duty of all Christians to know, and knowing, to obey strictly its precepts? This, no doubt, is the principal reason; and indeed it is a sufficient reason. Well, then, are disciples converted from heathenism under any greater obligation to obey to the letter the word of God, than we in a land of the gospel? No one will pretend they are; unless we have a moral right to conform to the fashions and extravagance of the wicked, from which heathen converts are enjoined by the Bible to refrain; and to pretend this is utterly absurd.

The following extract from Mr. Judson's letter, (heretofore published, and by most Christians either forgotten or totally disregarded,) shows, with what strict reverence for the Holy Word which he had translated, he conformed himself, and obliged the converts to conform themselves to its precepts, in respect to dress, as well as to other requirements.

Happening at this moment to cast our eyes on this valuable document, recently republished in the Morning Star, it was resolved to refresh the memory of our readers with an extract, that they may see in it, as in a mirror, the alarming discrepancy between the regard paid to the word of God in America and among the Karen Christians; between our ministers of the gospel, with their conformity to the fashions of the wicked, and the entire scriptural self-denial practised by the missionaries and churches, whom we justly applaud for their piety and devotion to God. In view of what the missionaries teach and do in regard to dress and ornaments, and oblige their churches to do; and that general disregard which is practised both by ministers and churches in this country, in reference to the same things, both claiming to be directed by the same Bible; it seems inevitable that one or the other is fearfully wrong. Either the former carry their practical self-denial vastly beyond the Bible, or we come as vastly short of obedience; for there is next to no degree of similarity between us and them. O when will American Christians arouse from their guilty supineness in this thing, and act as becomes the gospel? To quicken them to examination, we invite attention to what the apostolic Judson says, applicable alike to one sex as the other. Read it, and then say—are you right and he wrong, or is he right and you wrong?

EXTRACT FROM MR. JUDSON'S LETTER

TO THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Maulmieu, Oct. 1831.

Dear Sisters in Christ,

Excuse my publicly addressing you. The necessity of the case is my only apology. Whether you will consider it a sufficient apology for the sentiments of this letter, unfashionable, I confess, and perhaps unpalatable, I know not. We are sometimes obliged to encounter the hazard of offending those, whom of all others we desire to please. Let me throw myself on your mercy, dear sisters, allied by national consanguinity, professors of the same holy religion, fellow-pilgrims to the same happy world. Pleading these endearing ties, let me beg you to regard me as a brother, and to listen with candor and forbearance to my honest tale.

In raising up a church of Christ in this heathen land, and in laboring to elevate the mind of the female converts to the standard of the gospel, we have always found one chief obstacle in that principle of vanity, that love of dress and display (I beg you will bear with me) which has in every age and in all countries, been a ruling passion of the fair sex, as the love of riches, power and fame has characterized the other. That obstacle lately became more formidable, through the admission of two or three fashionable females into the church, and the arrival of several missionary sisters, dressed and adorned in that manner, which is too prevalent in our beloved native land. On my meeting the church, after a year's absence, I beheld an appalling profusion of ornaments, and saw that the demon of vanity was laying waste the female department. All that time, I had not maturely considered the subject, and did not feel

sure what ground I ought to take. I apprehended also, that I should be unsupported and perhaps opposed by some of my coadjutors. I confined my efforts therefore, to private exhortation, and with but little effect. Some of the ladies, out of regard to their pastor's feelings, took off their necklace, and ear ornaments, before they entered the chapel, tied them up in a corner of their handkerchiefs, and on returning, as soon as they were out of sight of the mission house, stopped in the middle of the street to array themselves anew!

In the mean time, I was called to visit the Karens, a wild people, several days journey to the north of Maulmieu. Little did I expect there to encounter the same enemy, in those "wilds, horrid and dark, with o'ershadowing trees." But I found that he had been there before me, and reigned with a peculiar sway, from time immemorial. The dress of the female converts was not essentially different from that of their country-women. I saw that I was brought into a situation that precluded all retreat; that I must fight or die. For a few nights, I spent some sleepless hours, distressed by this and other subjects, which will always press upon the heart of a missionary in a new place. I considered the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ. I opened to 1 Tim. 2, 9, and read these words of the inspired apostle: "I will also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with embroidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." I asked myself, Can I baptize a Karen woman in her present attire? No. Can I administer the Lord's supper to one of the baptized in that attire? No. Can I refrain from enforcing the prohibition of the apostle? Not without betraying the trust I have received from him. Again, I considered that the question concerned not the Karens only but the whole Christian world—that its decision would involve a train of unknown consequences—that a single step would lead me into a long and perilous way. I considered Maulmieu and the other stations. I considered the state of the public mind at home. But "what is that to thee? follow thou me," was the continual response, and weighed more than all. I renewedly offered myself to Christ and prayed for strength to go forward in the path of duty, come life or death, come praise or reproach, supported or deserted, successful or defeated in the ultimate issue. Soon after coming to this conclusion, a Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired, whether

she was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read the apostle's prohibition. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, (she wore but one) and then with an air of modest decision, that would adorn, beyond all outward ornaments, any of my sisters whom I have the honor of addressing, she took it off, saying, *I love Christ more than this.* The news began to spread. The Christian women made but little hesitation. A few others opposed; but the work went on. At length the evil which I most dreaded came upon me. Some of the Karen men had been to Maulmieu and seen what I wished they had not. And one day, when we were discussing the subject of ornaments, one of the Christians came forward in my face and declared, that at Maulmieu, he had actually seen one of the great female teachers wearing a string of gold beads around her neck!! Lay down this paper, dear sisters, and sympathize a moment with your fallen missionary. Was it not a hard case? Was it not cruel in that sister thus to smite down to the dust her poor brother, who, without that blow, was hardly able to keep his ground? But she knew it not. She was not aware of the mischief she was doing. However though cast down, I was not destroyed; though sorely bruised and wounded, I endeavored to maintain the warfare as well as I could; after some conflict, the enemy fled the field; and when I left those parts, the female converts were, generally speaking, arrayed in modest apparel.

But notwithstanding those favorable signs, nothing, really nothing is yet done. And why? This mission as well as all others, must necessarily be sustained by continual supplies of missionaries, male and female, from the mother country. And when they arrive, they will be dressed in their usual way, as Christians at home are dressed. And the converts will run around them and gaze upon them with the most prying curiosity, regarding them as the freshest representation of the Christian religion, from that land, where it flourishes in all its purity and glory. And when they see the rich variety of ornamental dress, (see Isaiah 3, chap.) they will cast a bitter, reproachful, triumphant glance at their old teachers; and spring with fresh avidity to repurchase and resume their elegancies. And when after another year's absence, I return and take my seat before the Burman or Karen church, I shall behold the demon of vanity enthroned in the centre of the assembly, more firmly than ever, grinning defiance to the prohibitions of apostles, and the exhortations of us who would fain be their humble followers. And thus you, sitting quietly by your fire sides, or repairing devoutly to your places of worship, do by your example spread the poison of vanity, through all the rivers and mountains and wilds of this far distant land; and while you are sincerely and fervently praying for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, you are inadvertently building up that of the devil. If on the other hand, you divest

selves of all meretricious ornaments, the further supplies of vanity and pride will be cut off; and the churches at home being kept pure, the churches here will be pure also.

Let me appeal to conscience and inquire, What is the real motive for wearing ornamental and costly apparel? Is it not the desire of setting off one's person to the best advantage, and of exciting the love and admiration of others? Is not such dress calculated to gratify self-love, to cherish the sentiments of vanity and pride? And is it not the nature of those sentiments to acquire strength from indulgence? Do such motives and sentiments comport with the meek, humble, and self-denying religion of Jesus Christ? I would here respectfully suggest, that these questions will not be answered so faithfully in the midst of company, as when quite alone kneeling before God.

2. Consider the words of the apostle quoted above from 1 Tim. 2, 9.—"I will also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." I do not quote a similar command recorded in 1 Pet. 3, 3, because the verbal construction is not quite so definite, though the import of the two passages is the same. But cannot the force of these passages be evaded? Yes, and nearly every command in scripture can be evaded, and every doctrinal assertion perverted, plausibly and handsomely if we set about it in good earnest.—But preserving the posture above alluded to, with the sacred volume spread open at the passage in question, ask your heart in simplicity and godly sincerity, whether the meaning is not just as plain as the sun at noon-day. Shall we then bow to the authority of our inspired apostle, or shall we not? From that authority shall we appeal to the prevailing usages and fashions of the age? If so, please to recall the Missionaries you have sent to the heathen; for the heathen can vindicate all their superstitions on the same ground.

3. In the posture you have assumed, look up and behold the eye of your benignant Saviour ever gazing upon you, with the tenderest love, upon you, his daughters, his spouse, wishing above all things, that you would yield your hearts entirely to him, and become holy, as he is holy, rejoicing when he sees one and another accepting his pressing invitation, and entering the more perfect way; for on that account he will be able to draw such precious souls into a nearer union with himself, and place them at least in the higher sphere, where they will receive and reflect more copious communication of light, from the great fountain of light, the uncreated Sun.

4. Anticipate the happy moment, hastening on all the wings of time, when your joyful spirit will be welcomed into the assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect. You appear before the throne of Jehovah; the approving smile of Jesus fixes your everlasting, happy destiny; and you are plunging into "the sea of life and love unknown, without a bottom or a shore." Stop a moment; look back on yonder dark and miserable world that you have left; fix your eye on the meagre, vain, contemptible articles of ornamental dress, which you once hesitated to give up for Christ, the King of glory, and on that glance decide the question instantly and forever.

Surely you can hold out no longer. Thanks be to God, I see you taking off your necklaces and ear rings, tearing away your ribbons and ruffles and superfluities of head-dress—and I hear you exclaim, what shall we do next? An important question, deserving serious consideration. Little do the inhabitants of a free Christian country know of the want and distress endured by the greater part of the inhabitants of the earth. Still less idea can they form of the awful darkness, which rests upon the great mass of mankind in regard to spiritual things. During the years that you have been wearing these useless ornaments, how many poor creatures have been pining in want; how many have languished and groined on beds of abject wretchedness; how many children have been bred up in the blackest ignorance, hardened in all manner of iniquity; how many immortal souls have gone down to hell, with a lie in their right hand, having never heard of the true God and the only Saviour. Some of these miseries might have been mitigated; some poor wretch have felt his pain relieved; some widow's heart have been made to sing for joy; some helpless orphan have been rescued from hardened depravity, and trained up for a happy life here and hereafter; some, yea many precious souls might have been redeemed from the quenchless fires of hell, where now they must lie and suffer to all eternity, had you not been afraid of being thought unfashionable, and not "like other folks!" had you not preferred adorning your person, and cherishing the most seductive feelings of vanity and pride! O, Christian believer in God, in Christ, in an eternal heaven and an eternal hell! and can you hesitate and ask what you shall do? Beware those ornaments with the tears of contrition. Unite, Christians of all denominations, and make an effort to rescue the church of God from the insidious attacks of an enemy which is devouring her very vitals. As a counterpart to the societies just mentioned, may I respectfully suggest, that plain dress societies be formed in every city and village throughout the land, recognizing two fundamental principles—the one based on 1 Tim. 2, 9—all costly attire to be disused; the other on the law of general benevolence—the avails of such articles, and the saving resulting from the plain dress system, to be devoted to the purposes of charity.

Many there are, who praise the principle of self-denial in general, and condemn it in all its particular applications as too minute and scrupulous and severe. Satan is well aware, that if he can secure the minute units, the sum total will be his own. Think not any thing small which may have a bearing upon the kingdom of Christ and upon the destinies of eternity.

Beware of another suggestion made by weak and erring souls, who will tell you there is more danger of being proud of plain dress and other

modes of self-denial, than of fashionable attire and self-indulgence. Be not ensnared by this last, most finished, most insidious device of the great enemy. Rather believe that He who enables you to make a sacrifice, is able to keep you from being proud of it. Believe that he will kindly furnish such occasions of mortification and shame as will preserve you from the evil threatened. The secret part of self-denial consists in encountering the disapprobation, the censure, the hatred of one's dearest friends. All who enter the straight and narrow path in good earnest, soon find themselves in a climate extremely uncongenial to the growth of pride.

The gay and fashionable will in many cases, be the last to engage in this holy undertaking. But let none be discouraged on that account. Wait not for the fashionable to set an example; wait not for one another; listen not to the news from the next town; but let every individual go forward, regardless of reproach, fearless of consequences. The eye of Christ is upon you. Death is hastening to strip you of your ornaments, and to turn your fair forms into corruption and dust. We shall all soon appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to be tried for our conduct, and to receive the things done in the body. Will you then wish that in defiance of his authority, you had adorned your mortal bodies with gold and precious stones and costly attire, cherishing self-love, vanity and pride? Or will you wish, that you had chosen a life of self-denial, renounced the world, taken up the cross daily and followed Him? And as you will then wish you had done, do now.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,
A. JUDSON.

*No, no; God-fearing and devoted man, you would see no such thing, with exceptions too few to be scarcely worthy the name. If you were here you would see Christians pursuing the same onward course of splendid conformity to the world and its gay and costly ornaments, that erst was ever seen. Yes, you would see them increasing in all these things in exact ratio with the increasing means of luxurious indulgence, even from richest to poorest; and your expectations would mostly be found among the pious poor who sometimes forego a part of the necessities of life even, to impart a mite for the salvation of the heathen. While these calls are made upon females, single, married, and widowed, for benevolent objects, you will see thousands and tens of thousands of dollars lavished for ornamental damask curtains, gilded chandeliers, and fine pulpits for meeting-houses, and similar costly decorations for private dwellings. At the same time you are likely to find the most shining satin brocade cloth on beneficiaries at some metropolitan Theological institution, and so on through the chapter. You would find, dear sir, if you were here, that self-denial in American churches, generally means a rhetorical flourish about it from the pulpit; while the practice of it is handed over to you, and your converted Karens deny it who can. Christians in America, had we not better reform, and forsake our sins before it is too late? Know ye not that we must be judged by God according to what we have done, and not according to the words we read? Read it, leaving out the words done, and his, in italics, and tremble at receiving in the body the things done in the body, whether good or bad.

THE CONVERSION OF THE CHURCH.

We hear a great deal now a days about the conversion of the world. It is in almost every Christian's mouth; and we cannot be too familiar with the phrase—we cannot be too diligent to promote the thing. It ought to have our daily thoughts, prayers, and efforts. It deserves our hearts. It is the great object of Christianity. But there is another community besides the world, which I think needs to undergo a measure of the same process that the world so much needs. It is the church. While the conversion of the world is made so prominent, I think we ought not to overlook the conversion of the church, especially since this comes first in order.

Every thing, we know, begins at the house of God, both in judgment and mercy. But what do I mean by the conversion of the church? Is not the church converted already? Suppose I admit that; may she not need a new conversion? Regeneration is but once, but conversion may be many times. Peter had been converted when Christ said to him, "and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." There is no doubt the church might be converted again, and that without any injury to her.

But why do I think the church needs conversion? I might give several reasons, but I will assign only one. It is founded on Matthew, 18:3: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children." Here we see the effect of conversion is to make the subjects of it as little children, and hence St. John addresses the primitive Christians as little children. Now my reason for thinking the church needs conversion is, that there does not seem to be much of the little child about the church of the present day. There is a great deal more of "the old man" about it, I am afraid. I think if John were living now, he would not be apt to address the members of the church generally as "little children." No, indeed. I question whether, if he were even addressing an assembly of the ministers and officers of many of our churches, he would not be apt to apply other terms than "little children" as a preface to his exhortation "love one another," which I am sure he would not forget.

Little children are humble, but humility is not a remarkable characteristic of the church of the present day. I don't think the scholars of either of the schools have got the lesson of lowliness very perfectly from their Master. I fear, if the Master were to come in upon us now, he would be likely to chide many in both the schools. Why two schools? There is but one Master.

How confiding "little children are, and how ready to believe on the bare word of one in whom they have reason to feel confidence, and especially if he be a father! But not so the

church. "Thus saith the Lord" does not satisfy her sons now. They must have better reasons for believing than that. They must hear first what he has to say, and then see if they can get a confirmation of it from any quarter before they will believe it. How unceremoniously many of these children treat some of the things which their Father very evidently says, because they do not strike them as in accordance with reason, justice, or common sense!

How docile the little child is! Mary, who sat at Jesus's feet and heard his word, was such a child. Never a why or a how asked she of him. I cannot say so much of the church of our day. Simplicity also characterizes little children. How open and artless they are—how free from guile. Such was Nathanael. Whether this trait of character be conspicuous in the church now, let the reader say.

Little children are moreover characterized by love, and their charity "thinketh no evil." How unsuspicious they are! But too much of the charity of the present day, so far from thinking no evil, thinketh no good. It suspects every body. It "hoped" nothing.—Indeed love and her sister peace, which used to lead the graces, are becoming as wall-flowers with many, into such neglect they have fallen. They seem to be quite out of the question with many. Some good men appear to think that contending for the faith is the end of the commandment and fulfilling of the law. But it is not. It is a duty, an important duty—one too little regarded by many—one never to be sneered at as by some it is. I acknowledge some treat it as if it were nothing. I only say it is not every thing. There is walking in love, and following peace, which, as well as contending for the faith, are unrepented laws of Christ's house. I believe they can all be done, and that each is best done when the others are not neglected. I am sure truth never lost any thing by being spoken in love. I am of opinion that a principal reason why we are not more of one mind, is that we are not more of one heart. How soon they who feel heart to heart, begin to see eye to eye! The way to think alike is first to feel alike; and if the feeling be love, the thought will be truth. I wish, therefore, for the sake of sound doctrine, that the brethren could love one another. What if we see error in each other to condemn, can we not find anything to love? I would the experiment might be made. Let us not cease to contend for the faith—not merely for its own sake, but for love's sake, because "faith worketh by love." But, in the conflict, let us be careful to shield love. It is a victory for truth scarcely worth gaining, if charity be left bleeding on the field of battle.

You see why I think the church wants converting. It is to bring her back to humility, and simplicity and love. I wish she would attend to this matter. She need not relax her efforts for the world. She has time enough to turn a few reflex acts on herself. The object of the church is to make the world like herself. But let her in the mean time make herself more like what the world ought to be. It is scarcely desirable that the world should be as the church in general now is. Let her become a better model for the world's imitation. Her voice is heard for Christ; but let her hold forth the word of life in her conduct, as well as by her voice. Let her light shine. Let her good works be manifest. Let her heaven-breathed spirit breathe abroad the same spirit.

The work of the conversion of the world goes on slowly; but it makes as much progress as the work of the conversion of the church does. No more sinners are converted, because no more Christians are converted. The world will continue to lie in wickedness, "while the ways of Zion mourn" as they do. Does any one wonder that iniquity abounds, when the love of so many has waxed cold? We are sending the light of truth abroad, when we have but little of the warmth at home.

We are often asked what we are doing for the conversion of the world. We ought to be doing a great deal—all we can. But I would ask, what are we doing for the conversion of the church? What to promote holiness nearer home, among our fellow-Christians and in our own hearts? Let us not forget the world, but at the same time let us remember Zion.—*Nevins.*

From the Sabbath School Treasury.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARDS.

"Do you give any reward tickets or books in your school?" is a question sometimes asked of us. "No," is and will be our uniform answer; and, believing the practice to be as pernicious as the principle is injurious, we take this occasion to record our disapprobation of it. A writer in the British Christian Observer uses the following language in reference to it:—

"How far this spirit may be useful as a stimulus to exertion in the acquirement of worldly knowledge, I shall not stop to inquire; but I am quite sure that it is sufficiently inherent in our nature, and needs by no means to be excited in the course of education as a principle of action. I am quite sure that it is not necessary, and cannot be right, to make use of such an instrument for inculcating feelings among which it should have no place. I am quite sure that it is not mentioned in the list of the fruits of the Spirit, from which it is even expressly excluded; and I am quite sure that, as it is a tare among the wheat, it must be an enemy that is sowing it.

"But if we will stop the wind, we must expect to reap the whirlwind. The inevitable results of an education so conducted, must be envy and pride. Six days in the week these feelings are worked upon for the purpose of advancement in knowledge; and on the seventh day the children are taken to Church, to pray that they may be delivered from pride, vain glory, envy, hatred, and malice. Surely this is an inconsistency, absurd as it is fatal."

And in these sentiments we fully concur.

To the foregoing sentiments we respond a hearty amen, as does the editor of the S. S. Treasury, and go directly forward to apply the principles advanced

to those life-destroying stimulants administered by College Faculties in the distribution of honorary parts, or otherwise, to graduating classes. Not ten days have elapsed since a pious graduate of a college far down East, read to us an extract of a letter from his former class-mate, giving an account of the death of one who had fallen a victim (as was believed) to the exertions made to acquire and sustain such Rewards.

The manifest, immoral, and destructive tendency of all such things are placed almost beyond controversy in the above article.

From the N. H. Baptist Register.

REVIVALS.

We understand that the churches in Gilmanston, Giltford, 2d Meredith, Warner, and Amoskeag, have been revived, and that several in those places are now rejoicing in hope.

Bro. Robbins of Effingham, writes Oct. 13th, "Last Sabbath five persons were baptized and united with the church, making in all twenty-three, since my ordination; nineteen of whom are heads of families. A number more expect to go forward soon. We trust the good work is still progressing."

A correspondent of the Am. Baptist writes from New Jersey, as follows:—"God has been pouring out his spirit at Morestown, the past season. The first baptism was in April last, and there have been baptisms every month since, except in September. Last Sabbath, four were baptized by Rev. Mr. Sixty, pastor of the Haddonfield church, whose labors, with those of bro. Rhoads, of Philadelphia, have been much blessed in the conversion of sinners. The whole number baptized is twenty-six; they have united with the Haddonfield church."

For the Christian Secretary.

INSENSIBILITY TO THE FUTURE STATE.

The future state to which all mankind are hastening, employs but a very limited portion of the thoughts of most of our species. The apathy of men with regard to their eternal destiny, is astonishing. With infinite guilt resting upon them, and liable to be seized at any moment with the terrific pangs of "everlasting destruction," it is amazing how recklessly impenitent sinners spend their days? What wondrous efficacy has that dire opiate, sin, in lulling men into insensibility and forgetfulness. It blinds them to the infinite superiority of eternity over time, and leads them to trifle with their immortal souls, as though they were but the bubbles of fancy. The possession of an existence as unwasting as the sands in the glass of eternity, excites no trembling anxiety, respecting its happiness or misery. The known susceptibility of the human mind to the keenest anguish, and the possibility of that anguish clinging to it with an unyielding grasp, are subjects seldom reflected upon with that intensity of thought which their character demands. Neither is the delightful fact, that the soul is capable of enjoyment the most exquisite, and that to continue forever, dwelt on with that frequency that it should invariably excite:

"—man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh."

It is surprising to the Christian that men should be so careless about their eternal state—and when under the enlightening influences of the Divine Spirit, his mind is imbued with a proper sense of eternal things, he is overwhelmed with wonder at his egregious folly and stupidity. But their minds are "blinded by the God of this world;" they have never "tasted of the heavenly gift;" they know nothing of "the joy that is unspeakable,"—nor of "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost," which detaches the affections from things on the earth, and sets them "on things above." Their insensibility therefore is not so unaccountable, as it is dreadful. Christian! "wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." Even Christians, unaccountable as it may seem, are infected with the same lethargy and forgetfulness respecting eternal things! Yes, Christians, who by their own voluntary declaration, say they seek "a better country," who declare their home is in heaven, and this world only the road in which they are to travel but a little while—even those are chiefly employed in making the way pleasant, in heaping up the shining dust that may be found along it, or in cleansing and adorning a spot on which to sit down and look upon the prospect around them, forgetting the home to which they are journeying. Did you ever hear of an heir to a valuable estate, who, when on his way to possess it, was so taken up with the pleasures of his journey, as to forget the splendid object of his pursuit? Was there ever a prince, who was within a day's travel of his palace, his sceptre and his crown, whose attention could be so diverted from the objects before him, as to stop on his way, build a habitation, and employ himself entirely about his present location? Do persons who set out to run a race, ever stop on the course to look about, or pick up trifles? An heir, a prince, or a competitor in a race, could not act thus, without being chargeable with great folly; though they would be seeking only a corruptible crown, and a fading inheritance. What immense folly and inconsistency are Christians guilty of, who do act as I have described, while they have in prospect an incorruptible crown, and an unfading inheritance. It would seem rational to conclude that if Christians did really believe what they profess to believe, they would think more and talk more about the "eternal weight of glory," the "crown of righteousness," the "living fountain of waters," and the "pleasures at the right hand of God forevermore." There is undoubtedly too much forgetfulness of these things among Christians; and to this fact may be attributed, in some measure, the alarming stupidity of men in general, with reference to the realities of the unseen state. There are times and situations in which the professed

Christian is peculiarly liable to that insensibility to eternal things which has called forth these remarks. When he takes the place, and allows his mind to be filled with the thoughts, his mouth with the words, and his hands with the deeds of the man whose hopes all centre in this world; when he becomes deeply engaged in amassing wealth; when his last thoughts at night, and his first in the morning, instinctively turn to his earthly concerns; when his general conversation has the scent of gold, when he is busy early and late, and mostly about his gains—then secret devotion is neglected, or carelessly and speedily said over—religious duties in the family are characterized by coldness and leanness; and he thinks little and cares little about heaven. But can a true Christian feel and act thus? I leave it for those whose situation is portrayed, to decide.—If the professed Christian aim to obtain distinction and applause among men, by filling any station of profit, trust, or honor, and his powers and possessions are mainly devoted to the object he has in view—or if he delight to gratify "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," in sumptuous food, drink, attire, and style of living, he is equally prone to become awfully insensible of eternal things, and to look upon death, the inevitable terminator of his present pursuits and enjoyments, as his enemy. Can a person who is "born again" become thus "worldly and sensual"? Let the professed followers of Christ answer.—In the life of the Christian there are seasons when he is diligently engaged in forwarding some of the heaven-approved plans of benevolent effort. He is delighted with these things, and spends his time and money, his mental and corporeal energies, with the utmost cheerfulness and avidity. His pleasure in his active exertions is so great, that he dislikes to think of death, and feels in his soul unwilling to leave his present state, even for the inconceivable and imperishable joys of the Paradise of God. Thus the magnitude and excellence of "the things which God has prepared for those who love him," are shameful disparaged! We have need to "exhort one another daily," and I would "sound an alarm in God's holy mountain." Is it possible for those who have "Christ formed in them the hope of glory," to be guilty of such folly and stupidity? I will not presume to give an answer; but I am inclined sometimes to doubt whether it be possible. Do not professed Christians live with but little reflection upon heaven, and examination about present preparedness to depart? I think I may answer yes, without any hesitancy. Ought this to be the case? No, certainly not!—There is a time, however, when the Christian's heart sickens at its folly; when he finds that indeed,

"This world is all a fleeting show,"
"There's nothing true but Heaven."

When affliction comes into his dwelling, with haggard form, sits down amid the family circle, and casts his withering glance around—when, with his cold touch he chills their hearts, and presents the cup of sorrow, brimming full, to each and every one—when the Christian looks with some proper feelings towards the "mansions" of glory, where the "weary are at rest,"—then to read, in Heaven's own hand writing, of a state where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away,"—is as soothing to his perturbed spirit, as the mellifluous tones of an Angel's harp. Then the holiness and happiness of the heavenly state is esteemed invaluable, and panted after as infinitely desirable; but when sailing on the full tide of earthly prosperity, the "eternal weight of glory" itself, sounds harsh and unmeaning on the ear. O, my brethren! O, my sisters! let us dwell more in thought and words upon the glories of heaven; let us faithfully and candidly examine whether we are now ready and willing to leave this tereous scene, and to enter upon our high, and holy, and unchangeable state. J. G. C.

For the Christian Secretary.

WINDS OF AUTUMN.

The rude blast of Autumn is rattling my casement, and moaning dismally among the leafless branches of the old elm which overhangs my humble dwelling. There is a warning tone in these autumnal winds as they pass, which is calculated to inspire me with feelings of sadness and melancholy. To fancy's ear, they sound like the knell of summer's bright and fleeting hours. To the wretched mendicant who is compelled to stem the resistless current of misfortune and adversity, they speak in a voice of menace, and strike terror into his soul. Behold him as he breathes the "pitiless storm" in quest of sustenance for his famishing children, whom he has left in the care of their anxious mother, shivering over the cold hearth of his cheerless domicile. The tattered fragments of his scanty apparel have become the sport of these relentless winds, and as they are fluttering and flapping upon him, the cold chills of dismay and painful forebodings of the future, penetrate his heart. Look upon that still more wretched and doubly anxious widow standing in the market place, with sorrow and sadness depicted in every lineament of her care-worn countenance. What an instinctive shudder shakes her meagre frame, as the searching winds of Autumn rush fiercely through the open doors of the market! There is no music in pinching wind to her ear! It tells too plainly of impending want, and approaching winter. Look from the window of your snug and well-stored abode, favorite of fortune, at the close of a November's day, and tell me whether thou seest ought to call forth thy sympathy—ought that is calculated to awaken an emotion of pity in thy cold and callous heart? The streets of the city present to your view a variety of individuals, who are marching up and fling off to the right and left around the corner of your mansion, and the one opposite, and among them, as they pass, you may discover many objects of pity, whose saddened looks betray anguish and suffering, and whose thread-bare habiliments bespeak poverty and distress. The poor widow who was shivering in the market place, is passing,

Handbills,
PRINTED in the best manner, and on short notice
AT THIS OFFICE.

POETRY.

For the Christian Secretary.
THE SINNERS' LAMENT.

Ah! the harvest is past, and the summer is o'er,
And the bright hours of spring-time will cheer us no more

With their freshness and innocent joy;
Oh! that wisdom had guided my feet in the way
Which endeth in peace, and a heavenly day,
Mid pleasures which time can't destroy.

But now those bright moments forever are fled,
When the star of his mercy shone bright o'er my head,
And the rainbow of promise was given,—
When the Spirit was sent to direct me away
From the trifles of earth, which must shortly decay,
To treasures enduring in heaven.

Ah! the days are now past, the bluest season is gone,
When the gospel around me with radiance shone
With glory which never can fade!
When the message of mercy was sent from above,
And glad tidings proclaimed in the spirit of love,—
When the promise of pardon was made!

Now the clouds gather blackness—the billows roll high!
A tempest is coming—'tis fearfully nigh!
And nought but destruction I see;
God thunders in justice! who once whisper'd in love,
And lightning darts forth from his store-house above,—
Ah! where shall the guilty one flee!

Now my summer is over, and winter is near,
When with terror my soul must in judgment appear,
And await the dread sentence of wrath;
O! that in the dread judgment I might be forgot!
Or exchange with the heathen my soul ruined lot,
Where the gospel ne'er shone on his path.

Oh! seek ye Religion ere the spring-time is o'er,
Lest your bark should be wreck'd on yon dark fright-
ful shore,
Where no helper can ever be sent.

While the sweet star of promise beams brightly above,
Be wise and receive the kind message of love,
And in life's golden moments repent.

JUSTITIA.

The following most curious article is transcribed from the London Congregational Magazine for January, 1831.

Jewish origin of the celebrated popular legend, The House that Jack built.—As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend—"The House that Jack built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me; and as it may not be uninteresting to your readers, I will furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipzig, 1731. The hymn itself is found in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23.

1. A kid, a kid my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came the dog, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
9. Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.
10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,

That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought,
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signifies the Persians.
5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire, under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.
8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.
9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.
10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.

From the Churchman's Almanac.

GOOD WORKS.

"Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit are not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring out of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make men meet to receive grace, or (as the school authors say) deserve grace of congruity."

"Faith giveth life to the soul; and they be as much dead to God that lack faith, as they be to the world whose bodies lack souls."

"Without faith, all that is done of us is but dead before God, although the work seem never so gay and glorious before men."

"Even as the picture, graven or painted, is but a dead representation of the thing itself, and is without life, or any manner of moving; so be the works of all unfaithful persons before God."—*Hom. of Good Works.*

FAITH IN CHRIST is the only true source of good works; and this is not a faith of the head, but of the heart.

Faith without works, is flower without fruit.

JUSTIFICATION.

"We put not our trust in any thing that we do."
"We lean only upon the hope" of God's heavenly grace."

"We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith; and not for our own works and deservings."

"Justification is not the office of man, but of God; for man cannot make himself righteous by his own works, neither in part, nor in the whole."—*Hom. of Salvation.*

"We put our faith in Christ, that we be justified by him only; that we be justified by God's free mercy, and the merits of our Saviour Christ only; and by no virtue or good work of our own, that is in us, or that we can be able to have, or to do, or to deserve the same; Christ himself only being the cause meritorious hereof."

"This sentence, that we are justified by faith only, is not so meant, that the said justifying faith is alone in man, without true repentance, hope, charity, dread and the fear of God, at any time and season."

THE BELIEVER'S CONTRASTS.

- | ON EARTH. | IN HEAVEN. |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Sickness and infirmities. | 1. Eternal vigor. |
| 2. Sin and sorrow. | 2. Holiness and bliss. |
| 3. A few friends for a few years. | 3. The communion of the ransomed forever. |
| 4. Glances of divine things. | 4. Immediate vision. |
| 5. Access to the throne of grace. | 5. Attendance at the throne of glory. |

The sons of God have much in hand, but more in hope.

In the Church militant, as in the ark of old, there are both a rod and a pot of manna.

When Israel marched through the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire, and the brightest day had a pillar of cloud.

Believers are never without much to mourn over; and they are never without much to be thankful for.

With every true believer, sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

Grace is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, and glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, and glory is the highest degree of grace.

LIVING UNTO CHRIST.

To put on the name of Christ, and not walk in the ways of Christ, what is it but to prevaricate with God?

He who sincerely prays to God through Christ, will seek to live to God by Christ.

It is not the outward profession of Christianity, but the inward power of it, that avails with God.

He that has tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that has felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend against it.

The guilt of one sin is a greater misery to the follower of Christ, than the burden of a thousand crosses.

Repentance is the greatest honor, next to innocence.

He who seldom thinks of Christ, is not likely to imitate his holy example; the way to hit a mark is to keep the eye steadily fixed upon it.

Internal conformity to the grace and holiness of Christ, is the fundamental design of a Christian life.

The loadstone draws all the iron and steel that comes near to it, and then communicates of its own virtue to that which it draws. And if by grace we come near to Christ, he will not only draw us to himself, but communicate to us of his divine properties and attributes.

From the Am. Baptist.

THE PARISIAN STREET-SWEEPER.

About March, 1829, died, at Paris, an industrious old man, long known in the neighborhood of the Boulevard Mont Parnasse as a street-sweeper. He was lame and walked with a crutch. He was seen to frequent the Sunday morning worship at the Mission House; yet but few appear to have made any acquaintance with him beyond the ordinary salutations of the day. A few weeks before his death, Lord Roden, walking on the Boulevards, near his residence, saw the old man at his usual station, occupied in reading a book. He offered him a tract. The sweep received it with such a smile of recognition as induced Lord R. to ask if he had ever seen such books before?

"O yes, sir, indeed I have, I read them with much delight."

"And do you know any thing about the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I bless God, I know him as my Saviour."

"Ah! How long have you known Him?"

"I have known Him by name above fifty years; but as my Lord and my God not more than three years."

"How came you to love Him?"

"Because he first loved me."

"And how long has he loved you?"

"When did He not love me? His love is from everlasting."

"What were the means by which you obtained this blessed and glorious assurance?"

"A New Testament was given to me at this spot by a gentleman who was passing by; he appeared to be a foreigner and an Englishman."

Some short time after this conversation, a young lady acquainted with this fact, sought for the old sweep, and found him seated on a boundary stone, reading a tract. She went up to him and asked him with what he was amusing himself?

"A good little book, Mademoiselle."

"What is it about?"

"O Mademoiselle, it contains all that is necessary to be known for the salvation of the soul."

"I suppose then, that you can sell me one of these valuable little books?"

"No; I never sell them! they are given to me by the Lord, and I give them to others, as you accept of one?"

"I thank you; but why will you not sell it to me? You must be poor, and glad to get a little money."

"I thank God that I am not in want of any thing; I have kind friends who take care of my body, and these books nourish my soul; so that I am in need of nothing, and I feel glad to be able to give a little spiritual food to others."

"Did I not see you on Sunday at the Mission House?"

"O, Mademoiselle, do you ever go there?"

"I have been there once."

"Well; blessed be God, that is my greatest delight! I give the week to the care of my poor body, but the Sunday I devote to the comfort of my soul."

A few weeks after this interview, the same lady wishing to converse again with the old sweep, returned to the spot; but his place was vacant. Again she went, but he was not to be seen. He was like absent from the Mission House services. A third attempt discovered the cause:—a new face and form now occupied the old station. On being asked the reason of the change, the stranger informed the lady that the object of her inquiries, having drunk cold water when he was very warm, had died of inflammation, after a sickness of three days. Probably, no Christian friend was near to show him kindness, or whisper consolation, when heart and strength failed him;—but, no doubt,

"Angels hovered round his bed,
To waft his spirit home."

I. O.

Erasmus being once in company with a certain Abbot, they conversed on the doctrine of Transubstantiation; when the latter made use of the following expression, respecting the eating of the real flesh of the Saviour in the eucharist:—"Crede quod edis, et edis"—Believe that you eat it, and you do eat it.

Upon taking leave, Erasmus borrowed a horse of the Abbot, to convey him to the seashore; but instead of returning the animal, he took him on board the vessel, and sent to his owner the following Latin doggerel:

"Tu meministi,
Quod nuper scripsisti
De corpore Christi,
Crede quod edis, et edis,"

Nunc tibi scribo
De tuo palatido—
Crede quod habes, et habes.

TRANSLATION.

About the Saviour's flesh, you know,
You wrote not very long ago,
"You eat, if you believe you do,"
Now I write back without remorse;
Believe that I've returned your horse;
You'll find he is returned of course.

BALLOON SLEEVES.—The Boston Evening Journal says, there seems to be little doubt that the big sleeves which have for years traversed the lovely features of Nature's fairest creation, are about to be banished from the world of fashion. And it is time. Their introduction originally is said to have been owing

to a personal deformity in one of the leaders of the ton, at the Court of Charles X. The Countess de Entreville was afflicted with a wen on her arm, which increased to an enormous size. To relinquish the gaities of the Court was more than a lively French woman could bear; and to appear at the most fashionable routs, balls, and assemblies, with an unseemly excrescence on her shoulder, would be exceedingly mortifying to her vanity. Accordingly, by an adroit stroke of policy, worthy a French leader of the beau monde, she invented those misshapen things, yelped, in vulgar parlance, *mammoth sleeves*—and although her wen soon increased to the size of a five gallon keg, yet, with the assistance of her fashionable dress, her infirmity was never suspected.

CHRONIC LARYNGITIS.

Extract from an article in the Literary and Theological Review, entitled, 'An inquiry into the causes of disease among the clergy,' by Charles A. Lee, M. D., New York.

As to the cause of this disease, we do not pretend to be much wiser than our readers. In most cases which have come under our observation, we have thought that we have found an adequate cause, exercising the vocal organs disproportionately to the rest of the body. The system not being strengthened and hardened by suitable exercise, the vocal apparatus, the most delicate and irritable structure in the body, gives way under the excessive task laid upon it. Seamstresses often lose the use of the right hand and arm from the too constant use of the needle; but stonecutters, who also use the right arm, in a still more laborious employment, rarely, if ever meet with the same accident; and the reason doubtless is to be found in the different degrees of strength and resistance, imparted to the system, by the different species of exercise. We believe then, that the grand cause of laryngitis in clergymen, is speaking in too loud a tone, too long at one time, and with too great frequency. We have heard many a clergyman, speaking even in a moderately-sized house, as if they imagined themselves to be St. Paul standing on Mars' Hill, or as if their whole audience were consigned to deafness. Some of the Methodist clergy display powers of voice at their camp meetings, which a Commodore might envy in a storm. If the articulation be distinct, it requires far less volume of sound than is generally supposed; and the loudest speakers are often not understood from inattention to this fact. It is true that the public requires a more animated and impassioned style of speaking than formerly, and no man can aspire to popularity whose eloquence is not of a bold and fervid kind; but the penalty is often a speedy prostration of the physical powers, and perhaps an untimely death. The fate of a Summerfield, a Larned, a Henry, a Cornelius, a Griffin, and a host of others, will testify to the truth of this remark. But this style of eloquence is not necessarily destructive to health, and would not prove so, if the discourse were confined within moderate limits and proper authority to exercise, diet, &c. But an harangue of an hour or more, and perhaps three times repeated in the course of one day, is sufficient to break down the vocal organs, if not the constitution of most clergymen, especially when aided by half a dozen evening lectures weekly.

Churches are often constructed with little or no attention to the laws of acoustics. The convenience and health of the preacher is as little consulted, as if he were an automaton trumpeter, or Maelzel's chess player. It is expected that he can 'hold forth' in one of these huge structures, with as much ease, as he can converse in his own parlor. He is literally to 'cry aloud and spare not' and lift up his voice like a trumpet. This, then, is another cause of the disease under consideration. Again, speaking in damp basements, where there are few or no facilities for ventilation, is another exciting cause of laryngitis. Some suppose that speaking with the head thrown back, thus producing an unnatural tension and contraction of the muscles of the larynx, has an unfavorable effect upon the organs of speech. This is doubtless an unnatural position, and more injurious in its consequences, than one more easy and less constrained. Preaching when under the influence of a cold, and especially if hoarseness be present, ought by all means to be avoided. This form of laryngitis, it has been contended, is merely symptomatic of dyspepsy and not of idiopathic affection. This opinion, however, is entirely erroneous and unsupported by proof. It is, however, like every other disease, aggravated by a disordered condition of the digestive organs, and alleviated by remedying the same.

From the National Intelligencer.

FRAUDS ON THE INDIANS.

Not long ago a citizen of Alabama, while on a visit to this city, gave a very distressing account of some of the frauds practised by white men to obtain the Indian reservations. Some were frightened from their lands, and fearing to return, would sell for a trifle. False accounts were raised against others, who, to avoid the jail, would convey their lands for nothing. Others would be made drunk, and whilst in that condition, be induced to convey valuable tracts for a rifle, or some other article of no greater value, &c. &c.

The following extract of a letter from a friend now in Mississippi, is a further illustration of the distress to which these wretched people are reduced by this wicked and abominable system of frauds:—

A Choctaw Indian by the name of Red Pepper, who had a reservation, went to the house of Grant Lincecum, a white man, who had been living among the Indians for many years, and told me the story, and told him that the white man had cheated him out of his home—the home of his father and his father's father. That in consequence, he was miserable; that his heart was sick, and he intended to die. He requested Lincecum to attend to his affairs when he should be no more—to pay his debts, &c.; and for that purpose gave him authority

over his effects. He then took leave of him, returned home and shot himself.

Another in the Augusta District, had a reservation of land—it was an old homestead. He had repeatedly been applied to by white men, but would not sell. His claim, by some oversight, was not marked on the maps of the Land Office, or if marked, had been erased. This home was entered by a speculator. A short while back the man who entered it went to the place, and told the Indian the land was entered and he must leave it. After the man had retired, the Indian called his wife, and told her of another instance of the white man's oppression. He told her he was too old to hunt for support—too old to go west; they had better die. It was agreed to. He arranged his wife and three children in a row, and called his brother-in-law, (a white man) and told him of his designs, and wished him to witness their execution, and to tell afterwards what he had witnessed, and the causes that led to it. He then with a tomahawk, split the heads successively of his wife and children and stabbed himself. These are facts.

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